

Eight Songs.

28

My Nannie O.
The Peck o' Maut.
Willie Wastle.
Wandering Willie.
Jocky and Jenny.
The braw Wooer.
Death of Sally Roy.
Oaths in Fashion.



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MY NANIE O.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wint'ry sun the day has clos'd,
An' I'll away to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shrill ;
The night baith mirk and rainy, O :
But I'll get my plaid and out I'll steal,
An' o'er the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
as spotless as she's bonny, O.
The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.



A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O.
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee
An' I maun guide it cannie, O
But warl's gear near troubles me,
My thoughts are ay on Nanie, O

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O
 But I'm as blithe that hads his pleugh
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I carnae by,
 I'll take what heaven will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live an' love my Nanie, O.

THE PECK O' MAUT.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' Maut,
 An' Rob an' Allau cam to prie;
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.
 We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
 But just a wee drap in our e'e;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 But still we'll taste the barley-bree,

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys, I true, are we;
 And mony a night we've merry been,
 And mony mae we hope to be!
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gaung awa',
 A cuckold, coward loon is he :
 Wha first beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three.
 We are nae fou, &c.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

WILLIE Wastle dwelt on Tweed,
 The spot they call'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster gude,
 Cou'd stown a clae wi' ony bodie ;
 He had a wife was dour and dim,
 O Tinkler Maggie was her mither :
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an e'e, she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour,
 Five rusty teeth forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
 A whisken beard about her mou',
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither :
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shin'd,
 Ae limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter ;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter ;
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther :
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hus'ion;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water,
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

WANDERING WILLIE.

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and caud at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature—my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms:
 Wauken ye breezes, row gently ye billows
 And wait my dear laddie ance mair to my arms,

But oh! if he's faithless and mind's nae his Nannie,
 Flow still between us this raging wide main;
 May I never see it, may I never true it
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain

JOCKY AND JENNY.

JOCKY said to Jenny, Jenny wilt thou do't?
 Ne'er a bit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher good,

For my tocher good I winna marry thee,
E'en's ye like, quo' Jocky, ye may let it be.

I hae goud and gear, I hae land enough,
I hae sev'n good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
Ganging in a pleugh, and linkin' o'er the lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let you be.

I hae a good house a barn and a byre,
A slack afore the door, I'll mak a rantin' fire
I'll mak a rantin' fire, and merry shall we be,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let you be.

Jenny said to Jocky, gin ye winna tell ;
Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysel ;
Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
Ye're welcomer to tak me, than to let me be.

THE BRAW WOOPER.

LAST May a braw wooper cam' down the lang glen,
And fair wi' his luv he did deave me ;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce tak the lad to believe me.

A weel stocket mailen, himsel o't the laird,
An' marriage aff hand was the praffer ;
I never loot on that I kend it or car'd
But I thought I might get a waur offer,

He spak' o' the darts o' my bonny black een,
An' vow'd for my love he was diein' ;
I said he might die when he liked for Jean—
The gude forgie me for liein' ;

But what do you think ! in a fortnight or less,
 (The deil's in his taste to gae near her)
 He's up the lang loan to black cousin Bess,
 Think now how the jade I could bear her.

But a' the the niest ouk as I fretted wi' care,
 I gade to the tryft o' Dalgarnock ;
 An' wha but my braw sickle wooer was there?
 Wha glower'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shouther I gie'd him a blink,
 Left neighbours should say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd that I was his dear lassie

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthie an' sweet,
 If she had recover'd her hearing,
 An' how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet ;
 Gude saf' us ! how he fell a swearing.

He begg'd me for gudefake that I'd be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' forrow :
 An' just to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

DEATH OF SALLY ROY.

FAIR Sally, once the village pride,
 Lies cold and wan in yonder valley :
 She lost her lover, and she died,
 Grief broke the heart of gentle Sally.
 Young Valient was the hero's name,
 For early valour fir'd the boy.
 Who barter'd all his love for fame,
 And kill'd the hopes of Sally Roy,

Swift from the arms of weeping love
As rag'd the war in yonder valley,
He rush'd, his martial power to prove,
While taint with fear sunk love y Sally.
At noon she saw the youth depart,
At eve she lost her darling joy ;
Ere night the last throb of her heart
Declar'd the fate of Sally Roy.

The virgin train in tears are seen,
When yellow midnight fills the valley,
Slow stealing o'er the dewy green,
Towards the grave of gentle Sally !
And while remembrance wakes the sigh
Which weens each feeling heart from joy,
The mourning dirge, ascending high,
Bewails the fate of Sally Roy

OATHS IN FASHION.

CUSTOM prevailing so long 'mongst the great,
makes oaths easy potions to sleep on ;
Which many (on gaining good places) repeat,
without e'er desiguing to keep one.

For an oath's seldom kept, as a virgin's fair fame,
a lover's fond vows, or a prelate's good name,
A lawyer to truth, or a statesman from blame ;
or a patriot's heart in a courtier.

10 JU 52

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